A VIEW OF THE TIMES.

WITH

BRITAIN'S ADDRESS

TO THE

Prince of Orange.

A PINDARICK POEM.

LONDON,

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A

VIEW

OF THE

TIMES,

WITH

PRELIMINARY ADDRESS

TO THE

[illegible]

LONDON.

TO THE

RIGHT HONORABLE

THE

EARL of ARRAN,

Eldeſt Son to Duke *Hamilton.*

MY LORD,

IN this humble Addreſs to your Lordſhip, perhaps as unſeaſonable now as the Declaration of my never-failing Zeal to his Sacred Majeſty, my Lord and Maſter. I am very ſenſible how great a Riſque I run, firſt, of offending your Lordſhip, and next the preſent *State*; but I aſſure your Lordſhip, I am infinitely more Aw'd by my firſt Fear than my Laſt, for *that* I hope will allow *Liberty of Conſcience*, even to the Poets themſelves, (*provided they be no Papiſts*,) though there ought to be no Toleration for Indiſcretion and Ill Manners; which, at this time, take too Saucy a Liberty, and treat even Crown'd Heads with that Diſreſpect and Contempt, as if the *Britiſh* World had agreed they would be Govern'd by no more *Kings*. And it is no doubt that ſort of Eſtabliſhment is Aim'd at by that great Part of the Nation, the *Diſſenters*. But all true *Engliſh* Men, Men of Honor, and of the Orthodox Church, 'tis to be hoped yet, have other Sentiments, of which number your Lordſhip is one; whoſe Glorious Principles of Loyalty and Honor, even *now* ſhine forth to the World, and with a Noble Luſtre gilding all your other Vertues, have render'd your Lordſhip one of the moſt Conſiderable of any Great Men of your Nation to all ſucceeding times; and 'tis from Men of ſuch Principles we muſt hope for the Accompliſhment of that Good which has ſo lately been aſſur'd us, That of making both King and

People happy; which cannot be by forcing his Majeſty to an Exile, and, to palliate that Cruelty, (to give it no worſe Name) brand him with all the Infamy that Malice can invent. We would willingly poſſeſs our ſelves with the belief, that ſuch Impudent and right-down Treaſonable Libels, as daily come out upon their Majeſties, are rather the uncontroulable and implacable Fire-Balls of a few convicted (though now too bare-faced) Criminals, than the Connivance, much leſs the Toleration of thoſe that now Rule; whoſe Commands ought to ſuppreſs Miſchiefs of ſo dangerous a Conſequence, leſt upon every little Pique they ſhall pleaſe to take againſt *thoſe* they now pretend to *ſerve*, they ſhould run into the ſame Extremity, and treat them at laſt as Ill as they have done their Lawfull King, or God himſelf; ſince to ſpeak Evilly of the one, is to Prophane the other: They need not give us that Infallible Proof, that Religion (ſo much their Pretence) is the leaſt of their Deſign and Aim, ſince no Man on Earth can profeſs himſelf a Chriſtian, or even a Moraliſt, with Notions ſo abſolutely Heatheniſh and Diabolical; Actions ſo directly contrary to Scripture, and all the Rules that God himſelf has ſet us. And however neceſſary ſome may imagin theſe Aſperſions may be to the preſent Intereſt, to poſſeſs the wretched Rabble, and common Raſcality, yet they are ſo far from being approved or believed, by thoſe of common Senſe or tolerable Education, that they are abhor'd; and are as abſolutely a diſgrace to this great deſign of Setling Religion, as the protection and toleration given to the Aſſaſſin of the moſt Reverend Biſhop of St. *Andrews*, and the *Rye-Houſe* Conſpirator. And becauſe Three or Four condemned Criminals have by their Villanies made themſelves uncapable of Living under a King, they muſt now be allow'd Authentick Evidences againſt his preſent Majeſty, and blacken him with ſuch Actions of Horror, that the moſt barbarous of Villains, Thieves, and Murtherers, nay the Fiends themſelves, were never guilty of: And though theſe ridiculous and inhumane Libels are only Calculated for the naſty Rabble, and the fooliſh poſitive Multitude, and are below the Senſe even of thoſe that write them; yet they ſerve to blow a Fire that will be one Day too Hot for this Nation. I know they are Countenanced, and ſeemingly Credited, by a great many diſaffected

diſaffected and ill-minded Men, whoſe buſineſs is no other ways to be done than by ſetting the World at Odds. And no doubt but it was found abſolutely Neceſſary, after the treating his Majeſty at his Return with ſuch unaccountable Contempt, that his Fame and Glory ſhould be ruin'd as well as Himſelf; having no other Excuſe for their own Crimes but loading his Majeſty with Calumnies: A poor and barbarous Shift to juſtify a too precipitate Proceeding; a Proceeding which their Lordſhips, both Spiritual and Temporal (too zealous for Religion, and too remiſs for the King and Nations ſafety) had not, I am afraid, well enough Conſidered, or the enſuing Conſequences; nor ought it to have been expected, that when they turned out Popery they ſhould have ſuffered their King, by the Indignities put upon him, to ſeek his Safety in a Foreign Nation. I am certain, that none has a more intire Reſpect for the Prince of *Orange* than my ſelf, nor a higher Veneration for the Eſtabliſhed Religion: As for that Word *Proteſtant Religion*, it bears too great a Latitude for me to underſtand; but, I hope, it is not by driving out the Jeſuits, to down with the Biſhops too; which is but too much the Fear of thoſe that are hearty well-wiſhers to the Eſtabliſhed Church, Laws, and Liberties. 'Tis therefore wiſhed that ſuch Publick and Noble Spirits, as that of your Lordſhip, would repreſent theſe Fears to the great Councils of both Nations; and ſince Affairs go ſo contrary to the true Intent of this great Deſign, they would be pleaſed to take the Care of theſe Nations into their Conſideration: And as they are all Men of Honor, and his Sacred Majeſty the Head and Fountain of Honor, they would not ſuffer that to be polluted by prophane Hands; nor permit a Cauſe of ſo High and Glorious Pretences, as this of the Prince of *Orange*, to be violated, and not ſerve the end for which it was advanced. And let thoſe foul Aſperſers make good thoſe Scandals they have ſpread, by any honeſt or tolerable Witneſſes, (and not ſuch as perhaps, who having been guilty of a Thouſand Crimes, and to get a General Pardon for real Villanies will confeſs themſelves Guilty of feigned ones) and then they may be allowed to Rail; but if not, let them be delivered to that juſt Law to which they are Condemned already: For the Land has too lately been made Calamitous

enough

enough by falſe Witneſſes, on whoſe Account too much Blood has been ſhed.

Some ſuch Witneſſes (if any) *Danvers* will pick up for Proofs that the *E.* of *Eſſ.* was Murthered, on which bloody Subject he has troubled the World with too Notable Pieces; which he is pleaſed to call, *A full Diſcovery, by poſitive Proofs*; in which there is neither Diſcovery, nor Proof, but a deal of Stuff and Noiſe, trifling Surmiſes, bug-bear Words, of *horrid Murther*, *bloody Villany*, and a thouſand terms of the like frightful Senſe, dividing his Text as if he were in his Tub a bellowing forth as many Lies, Aſperſing and Accuſing Men of undoubted Honor, and honeſt Principles; laying the Scandal on, let them take it off as well as they can; and let the World judge, if that Noble and moſt Pious Lady, the Counteſs of *Eſſ.* Exemplary for every Vertue, and holineſs of Life, would let paſs the Murther of her Lord in Silence, and Unſearched into, when ſhe had ſo good an Occaſion offered as this, by the *unchriſt'ned Colonel*, if ſhe were not aſſured of the way and manner of his Lordſhip's deplorable Death already. 'Tis therefore the humble Requeſt of all honeſt Men, that this Licentiouſneſs of the Preſs may be ſuppreſt; otherwiſe, inſtead of Eſtabliſhing of Laws and Religion, we are hurrying both to Ruin, and Confuſion.

My Lord, all the World knows your Lordſhip to be a true Lover of your Country, and a noble Aſſerter of all its Liberties, and equal to thoſe, the Rights and Prerogatives of your King, whoſe Intereſt has hitherto been Inſeparable with your own, even in the worſt of Times; but, oh! never ſo bad as theſe; for then our King was but oppreſs'd, but now he is forc'd to fly, contrary to the Intent (I hope) of all who have embark'd in this great Deſign. But though we have not yet found the Effects of it, wholly to doubt it, were to call in queſtion the Integrity of a great Prince, and the Loyalty of the nobleſt Part of the Nation, and ſuſpect the moſt aſtoniſhing and unpreſidented Atchievment that ever was ſurprizing in Hiſtory, and the moſt conſiderable Turn of State that the Univerſe ever ſaw. We will therefore look up, and hope that the Prince of *Orange*, accompliſh'd with ſo many Vertues, and who has the true Notion of Religion and Honour in his great Soul, will, by the ſacred Keeping of his Word, in making our

King

King happy, give us an Aſſurance of all he has promis'd us beſides: For after the moſt Refin'd Stateſmen, and Men of the moſt Wiſdom and Conduct in the Eſtabliſhment of Nations, have debated as long as they pleaſe, they will find at laſt there is no way to give us our Religion, Laws, Liberties, and Repoſe, but by recalling and fixing our King in his Lawful Throne. The Conſtitution of *England* being founded on Monarchy, it were to embroil the Nation in Eternal War, either Civil or Foreign, not to ſubmit half way, and recall our King to his proper Glories; otherwiſe, no humane Wiſdom can prevent our being perpetually fatigued with our Neighbours, who are like to give us ſufficient Diverſion, if we are in Love with War, and be at a continual Expence of *Engliſh* Blood (and Mony more dear to us;) and let us pleaſe our ſelves, if we can, with the Contempt we put on *France*, and ſet as lightly of the Force and Power of that Monareh, as we do of his Perſon, we may to our coſt find, that *Lewis* XIV. of *France* is not ſo eaſily ſubdued as (it hapned) *James* II. of *England* was; nor that his Forces, of what Religion ſoever, will abandon and betray their King, as ours did; who, to the Eternal Shame of that Religion (we only talk of and do not practiſe) find thoſe Principles (which are thought too bloody in the *Papiſt*) infinitely more Juſt and Honorable than thoſe of ours; ſince they thought they ought in Conſcience to fight Faithfully for that Prince who fed and clothed them, let his Religion be never ſo contrary to their own; and moſt certainly there might have been a *Medium* found between their quitting of their Religion or their Loyalty, which have hitherto been thought inconſiſtent: But on the contrary, Vertues that uſed to go hand in hand among good Chriſtians, and Men of Honor. And the Primitive Chriſtians gloried in their Loyalty, though even to Heathen and Tyrant Emperors.

And as it was not lawful to puſh things to that Extremity to which they are arriv'd, ſo neither was it needful; we having a King that, bleſt be God, who wou'd not have carried his Diſpenſing Power to that height, as to become a Burthen, or Grievance to his People; and his Majeſty, and his Council, muſt have been a Synod of Gods, to have committed no Errors in the management of ſo Critical a Government.

There is no doubt but his Majeſty, out of a tender Compaſſion to the Papiſts, was pleaſed to give them a little incou-

ragement and reſpite from Affliction; and we may ſee by his Majeſties willingneſs to reſtore all things to their firſt Order, at the very firſt Addreſs of the Biſhops, that he did not think his Counſels Infallible.

Perhaps 'twill be Objected, That he made not this Gracious Condeſcention till after he heard of the Deſigns of the Prince of *Orange:* If this be granted, they muſt alſo grant me this other truth, That it could not be fear of being Conquered by the Foreign Army (as Malice would inſinuate) that could oblige him to it; for then his Majeſty knew not but that he was ſure not only of his Great Men, but alſo of his Army, that was able to have vanquiſh'd a far greater Army than what came with the Prince; and no body doubted his Succeſs (if they had fought, and that his Men had ſtood by him) except thoſe who before knew how he was to be abandon'd. And 'tis moſt certain, and well known to ſome of Quality, that his Majeſty would have condeſcended to any reaſonable terms that Honor could have propos'd; nor did he come back again from *Feverſham* but with a full Intent to have adjuſted the great Affair: But while they complained on Evil Counſels, on the King's ſide, 'tis thought, they had not thoſe, on the other ſide, that were Friends to Peace, or an Accommodation; for if they had meant any ſuch thing, his Majeſty had not been ſent away again no better than a Priſoner.

I will not ſay, that thoſe Misfortunes that hinder'd us of this happy Peace, and promis'd Union, were the Faults of his Highneſs, whoſe Deſigns were undoubtedly Noble, but the Effects of a too violent Council, too much biaſſed againſt the Royal Intereſt.

Your Lordſhip, and all other Great Men of both Nations, are moſt humbly beſought, by all Loyal and Honeſt Church of *England* Men, to uſe your Intereſts both for the Preſervation of theſe poor diſtracted Kingdoms, and eſpecially for the Reſtauration of his moſt Sacred Majeſty; for which yours, and their Lordſhips, will Eternally receive the Prayers and Bleſſings of all good Men: And my humble Muſe, who preſumes to proſtrate her Complaint here at your Feet, ſhall rouſe her Melancholy Head again, and Sing yet once more to Celebrate the Loyalty of the Great Name of *ARRAN*, and the Illuſtrious *HAMILTON*.

VIVAT REX.

A VIEW of the
TIMES, &c.

I.

AS late my melancholy Muſe retir'd
With thoughtful Grief, not noble Song inſpir'd;
And underneath a gloomy Shade,
All ſilent, as the Manſions of the Dead,
On the rough Moſs her Bed ſhe made,
Where down ſhe laid her wearied Head,
And thus the weeping Nymph in ſighing Numbers ſaid:

II.

Farewell, falſe *Britain!* on thy faithleſs Shore
No more my Songs I'll tune in vain:
My Loyal Lays ſhall ſtrive no more
To make your ſalvage Natures tame.
The changing Winds thy Voice as well
May hope to calm to conſtant Breeze;
Or when they ruffle all the Seas,
Thy Verſe the mounting Waves as ſoon may quell:
And yet the Seas will ſometimes ceaſe to ſtorm,
And Winds to murmur in the Trees;
But oh! the fickle World is never calm,
The reſtleſs *Britain* never is at eaſe.

III.

How many Forms of Government thou'ſt ſeen?
How many dangerous Turns of State have been
In this fantaſtick World?
When firſt the *Britiſh* Light I ſaw,
Religion, Liberty, and Law,
Were all to wild Confuſion hurl'd.

A bleeding Body 'twas without a Head,
And every Street was ſtor'd
With mangl'd Members of the noble Dead,
The Trophies of the impious Conqueror's Sword.
True Child of Sorrow thou wer't born,
And Loyal Sighs and Tears did uſher in thy Morn.

I V.

Then in a vile *Democracy*
Thou ſound'ſt thy Education,
And yet, by Nature, ſcorn'd that Tyranny,
That ſo inſlav'd the Nation;
And ſtill Religion was the Cry,
The Subjects Liberty and Property.
No Buſineſs here was for Heroick Song,
And only Satyr (then but young)
Durſt move her daring Tongue:
And that in Whiſpers too; for had ſhe loudly ſpoke,
Not all the Gods ſhe cou'd invoke,
Had ſav'd her from the *Tyrant*'s fatal Stroke.
The reſt of the harmonious Train were laid
Around the Martyr's Tomb, all pale and dead,
And in a noble Funeral Fire
Of mournful Elegy,
Which their own God, *Apollo*, did inſpire.
They rais'd their Monarchs Vertues to the Sky,
Then in the perfum'd Flame to him and Heaven they fly.

V.

When from their Aſhes ſcarce yet cold and dead,
A many little Muſes ſprung,
Amongſt the reſt thou rear'dſt thy feeble Head;
But oh! 'twas long,
They uſeleſs lay, unplum'd, unfit for Flight,
Nor could they thrive in *Britain*'s Night,
But brooding Sat expecting riſing Light:
Enduring all the Inſolence of Fate,
And every riſing Storm of State.

The

The bleak Winds blew, and the loud Thunder ſpreads
Their ſwift-wing'd Miſchiefs round their Heads,
By numerous falling Showers oppreſt,
By Ignorance prophan'd;
Yet ſtill they kept the ſilent downy Neſt;
Still they *Parnaſſus* ſacred Grove maintain'd.

V I.

Oft thou hadſt heard of Kings,
Of Courts, and long paſt Glorious Things;
And oft been told the pitious Tale
Of the deplorable, ſad Fate
Of *Charles* the Martyr, *Charles* the Good and Great;
And oft the Story did with tender Sighs bewail;
Oft thou hadſt heard of a ſtrange monſterous Thing,
That did at *Weſtminſter* reſide,
Which had devour'd Church, Biſhops, Laws and King
With an inſatiate Arbitrary Pride:
Thou heard'ſt it fed on Human Blood,
On Widows, and on Orphans Tears,
On Lands of Loyal Commoners, and Peers:
And for its Grace, it ſaid Long Prayers;
And form'd what Laws it pleas'd, which paſt for good:
With Eaſe the reſtive World this Monſter backt,
And taught the hard-mouth'd Beaſt t'obey,
Knowing, if once his Hand he ſlack't,
Luxurious Torrents, breaking from the Sea,
Are not ſo wild, ſo ruinous, as She.

V I I.

Thus when ten Annual Tours, the Sun
In his Diurnal Courſe had run,
After the Ravage which the *Tyrant* made,
Of all that was Religious, Great, or Good;
After he had in Ruin laid
The ſacred Manſions of his King and God,
In ſuch a Storm as yet no Mortal e're
On *Britain's* Shores did ever hear:
In a vaſt Sea of Noble Blood,

Deep

Deep down to the Infernal Shade,
The *Monſtrous Regicide* by *Furies* was convey'd.

VIII.

Then in the compaſs of one circling Year,
Each Month was a new Government,
Which the mad, headleſs Body did invent,
Aſſiſted by the Monſter Parliament.
King *Dick*'s ſhort Month was Mungrel *Monarchy*,
And the next Turn was *Anarchy*;
Then to a Common-wealth they wou'd ſubmit,
But none had Senſe enough to manage it:
And *Lambert*'s Wife forbad that Form,
And ſwore her Lord ſhou'd take his Turn.
Thus was poor *Britain* toſt and torn,
By every Sect and every Form,
Till ruin'd in the Frantick Storm.
But Heaven, more merciful, the tatter'd Veſſel ſaves,
Juſt ſinking in the rowling Waves;
Who gathers up the Winds, and binds the Flood,
And brings her Labouring to the Shore,
Which had ſo many wrecking Seas withſtood,
And heard ſo many Tempeſts roar:
Next Heaven, 'twas *Monk* that made her ſtem the Tide.
And all Triumphant on the Billows ride.

IX.

Monk! Whom True Bravery inclin'd,
Thought it more Great to Give, than Wear a Crown,
That reſtleſs Glory rather now reſign'd
To that Illuſtrious Brow,
To which alone the Sacred Load was due,
Than by it Deify his own.
Whoſe Entrance brought a Univerſal Change,
And the whole World appear'd ſurpriſing, new, and ſtrange
A doubtful Joy in every Face was ſeen,
Both in the *Round-Head*, and the *Cavalier*;
And all degrees of Men
Were fill'd at once with Hope and Fear.

The

The bloodleſs Victor did not yet explain
The great Deſign for which he came:
Wallingford Houſe *Committee* ſtood amaz'd,
And the *Rump-Parliament*
Their Trembling *Speaker* ſent,
To ask the Conqueror, What he meant?
While the expecting City on the Wonder gaz'd.

X.

The rude, ungovern'd Mobile,
As wild as the inſatiate Sea,
No Bounds or Limits us'd to obey;
Thoſe who before with Arbitrary Rule,
Durſt pull down Monarchies and Kings,
Prelats and Peers as Uſeleſs Things;
And what was Sacred Turn to ridicule:
This Coward baſe *Plebean* Rout,
Who never venture out,
But, like wild Beaſt, for Prey,
Where certain Pillage, and no Danger lay:
Theſe Fearful Curs, now in their Kennels ſtay.
Not a Horn'd Beaſt durſt from his Covert peep,
No buſy Traders fill the Street;
But the whole City now appear'd
A Deſart, all abandon'd by the Frighted Heard.

X I.

'Twas wonderful to ſee
That Inſolence, which nothing cou'd confine,
Laws Human, nor Divine:
Allegiance, nor their Oaths of Loyalty,
(But for each little Fault that *Cæſar* made)
Againſt all Laws, Religion, Gratitude,
The Faithleſs, Sawcy Multitude
Rebell'd for Idol *Liberty*,
And ſtampt it with the ſpecious Name
Of *Conſcience*, and their Darling *Property*,
As if no Sin, Impiety, or Shame
Cou'd in that Standard of their Actions lie.

Thoſe, who but now to *Europe* gave a Law,
And kept the Univerſe in awe;
Like Rebel *Indian* Slaves now poorly creep
Beneath the mean Subjection of the conquering Whip.

XII.

Thus eaſily the Victor gain'd,
Without one Stroke, his Glorious End:
(Th'Attempt too Pious was, to be by Blood obtain'd.)
And thus the Exil'd Monarch was reſtor'd,
His Entrance crowding Worlds attend,
Who, like a God, was Welcom'd and Ador'd:
Wild with their Joys, no Countenance durſt wear
Diſguis'd in a Fanatick Leer;
But even the moſt Diſſatisfy'd wou'd feign
To approve the Change in a Conſenting Sneer.
'Twas then our *Halcion* Days began;
'Twas then Juſt Laws in their old Chanels ran,
And right Religion in her Churches ſhon;
'Twas then the King's Prerogative
Did with the Peoples Property revive,
And each Man bask'd beneath his Vine;
No Sequeſtrators, by a Lawleſs Might,
Invaded now the Subjects Right,
And Mighty *Cæſar* too,
From every Willing Hand receiv'd his Due,
According to the Laws Divine:

XIII.

'Twas then, the *Muſes* left the ſheltering Grove,
And to the open Air
Unfrighted now repair,
Then thou, my Muſe, with unfleg'd Pinions ſtrove,
To ſoar amongſt the reſt above.
Through untrac'd Paths thou didſt eſſay to fly,
To bear thy Monarch's Fame on high,
But flag'd beneath thy Siſters in the Sky;
Yet often didſt ſtrive and often ſtrive in vain,
At laſt *Parnaſſus* Hill thou chanc'd to gain:

The

The *Royal Theme* inſpir'd thy Noble Verſe;
Great *Charles* and *James*'s Vertues gave thy Fancy Wing,
Which in ſoft Lays thou didſt rehearſe,
And in Prophetick Numbers ſing:

X I V.

But oh! my Callow Muſe had ſcarce began her Flight,
When a New Face the Faithleſs *Britain* wears;
And to excuſe her Shameful Appetite,
Pretends a Thouſand Jealouſies and Fears;
Wanton and Looſe, with too much Plenty cloy'd,
She ſatiates with the Pleaſure ſhe enjoy'd.
Her Plighted *Lord* grows dull in her Embrace,
And his Careſſes now no more ſurprize:
She doats on every Flattering Face,
And each new Fop is Gracious in her Eyes:
Adheres to every Lewd Diſpute,
And to each Sect becomes a Proſtitute:
Then, like a ſubtil Harlot, firſt complains,
And Crys, Her Lord by Evil Counſel Reigns,
To *Rome* affected, Penſioners of *France*.
Oh Falſe! oh Villanous Pretence!
Againſt ſo Juſt, ſo Merciful a Prince;
Yet this Pretence, when all her other fail'd,
Upon the Reſtleſs Multitude prevail'd,
And only *Cæſar*'s Ruin cou'd Redreſs
Her New-coyn'd Fears, and Fanci'd Grievances.

X V.

Then a *falſe Idol* up they ſet,
Whoſe Title is proclaim'd aloud,
And Frantick Huzza's through each Street,
Salute him from the Dirty Crowd;
That very Crowd (when the Reverſe of State,
Had turn'd about the Wheel of Fate)
Purſu'd his Ruin too, with equal Joys,
And Crucify him, was the Common Voice.
Oh faithleſs Crowd! Oh vain uncertain State!
Both of the Peaſant, and the Potentate.

Thus

Thus fell th' *Ambitious Youth* Lamented more,
Than e're he was belov'd before.
But while he Triumph'd here, he led along
Th' Aſſociating and Rebellious Throng;
More than divided now the World appear'd,
And the more numerous Part he ſhar'd.
Still 'twas *Religion* was the Word
That ſanctify'd the Cauſe, and edg'd the Sword.

XVI.

No Wonder then, Illuſtrious *James*,
That barefac'd Malice dares traduce thy Name;
When with the ſame Inhuman Crimes,
They blot Great *CHARLES*'s Sacred Fame;
Though he the ſame Eſtabliſht *Faith* profeſt
With thoſe, by whom he was ſo long oppreſt.
If with ſome Laws he did diſpenſe,
Shou'd thoſe, who by Rebelling, broke 'em all,
Make themſelves Judges of a King's Offence,
Whom his Juſt Laws to no Account can call?
Thoſe ſay, that Kings can do no Wrong;
Though the Account
To any Number ſhou'd amount;
To Heaven alone his Judgment muſt belong.
Laws, and Religion both this Maxim teach,
If we'll profeſs what our own Church-men Preach;
Their Doctrin ſays, *No Ill we can commit*,
Whatever Good might follow it:
And all the Dictates of the Sacred Word
Command us *not to touch th' Anointed of the Lord*:
No Law was given more forcibly and plain,
Than ſtrict Obedience to the Sovereign.
A thouſand times God, and his Prophets vext
With Rebel *Iſrael*, do repeat that Text:
And yet how oft was *Cæſar*'s Life the Aim,
And nothing, but his Death, cou'd free
The World from Slavery and Popery,
And fix Religion in her wonted Frame.
Religion! oh thou thing of Noiſe and Show!
What Villanies cannot Religion do?

Hone's *Tryal*, &c. *and* *Rye-Houſe.*

XVII. But

XVII.

But Heaven forbids that Horror they design!
And *Cæsar* only must resign
His Life of Wonders to the Powers Divine:
Those Powers Divine, that Royal *James* preserv'd,
For the succeeding Glories he deserv'd,
By Heaven, by Virtue, and by Birth his own,
And every Mercy that adorns a Throne.
Strange Turn of Fate! that Prince so lately sent,
Like a mean Criminal to Banishment,
Blacken'd with all the Sins Fiends cou'd invent.
That Prince for whom they form'd an Impious Bill,
Hatcht by the Dark Cabal of Hell,
Which *Heaven* abhorr'd, and all *Heavens* * *Prophets* too, * *The Bishops.*
Who with a Pious Scorn, and Just Disdain,
Out of the Senate that Bold Treason threw,
That on the *British* Honor laid so great a Stain.
This very Prince their Caprice would destroy,
They now Inthrone with Universal Joy.

XVIII.

He Reigns! The Pious Prince in Glory Reigns!
But *Britain*'s still Distemper'd Brains
To her Old Natural Vice adheres,
Which fills her Mind with Jealousies and Fears;
She Fears, and cannot be appeas'd,
Dares not on *Cæsar*'s Word rely;
But seeks a Desperate Cure, before she is Disease'd,
And to no Wound will Corrosives apply.
His Mercy is for strange Designs mistook
Against the Church and Laws;
His kind Indulgences are took
For an Establishing the *Roman* Cause.
If Laws too hard upon the Subjects bear,
What serves the Mercy of a Prince,
But to Excuse and Soften what's Severe;
And with those Laws by his Just Right dispence?
And since a Monarch does a God Present,
It more becomes Heaven's Representative,
The wretched Guilty to Forgive,
Than to destroy the Innocent.

XIX.

Britain, who by no Laws Inſlav'd will be,
Unjuſtly wou'd her King Inſlave;
Rebels for Idol Liberty,
And yet her Fellow Chriſtians, Born as Free;
They wou'd of Liberty deprive:
As if the All-Creating Powers Divine
Did their vaſt Knowledge to one Sect confine.
If Holy Writ muſt Judge, (as Gown-men ſay)
Then every Chriſtian may
Pretend a Right to Heaven his different way:
If his Own Judg each is allow'd to be,
Why do you Puniſh what the Scriptures teach?
Or if you will deny 'em Liberty,
Why have they Freedom then to Search?
If all have Right t' Interpret, then in vain
Of Principles and Notions you complain.
Who can prevent Opinion? Or convince
The Errors of his Fancy'd Senſe?
Who ſhall Determin then 'twixt Right and Wrong,
If each Man's Faith to his own Senſe belong;
Why then, Miſtaken Gown-men, why
Muſt I for an Opinion Fly,
Or changing my Opinion, die;
Since you have Taught it in your School,
That Each Man's Judgment ſhould be Each Man's Rule?
And if our Guides Miſtake their Way,
Shall we be Puniſh'd if we Stray?
Your Pulpits oft this Error do Commit,
And make a Different Senſe of Holy Writ.
When Paying *Cæſar*'s Due has been the Theme,
Then NON-RESISTANCE was the Cry;
Which Text was born to that Extream,
As if in that One Point, did lie
The Saving Buſineſs of Eternity:

XX.

But oh! with every Turning Tide,
With every little Slip of *Cæſar*'s Government,
(Which Human Counſels can't Prevent)
That Paſſive Doctrin's laid aſide:
And with new Meaſures you purſue,
New Methods in your Pulpits too;

And

And to th'Occaſion, Sute the Sacred Word,
T'advance ſome New Deſign, and Enterprize,
Then, **'Tis the Doings of the Lord,**
And Marvelous in our Eyes.
Perhaps in ſome of theſe Perverted Strains,
(For which this Land has paid ſo Dear)
'Twill be at laſt, **We'll lead their Kings in Chains,**
And all their Peers ſhall Iron Fetters wear.
Thus while from Fears of Slavery,
The murmuring World we hope to free,
We run into a worſe Extremity.
Unthinking *Britains*! you ſhou'd firſt agree
What's by that Word, *Religion*, meant,
If the Eſtabliſh'd Church it be,
By Boaſted Act of Parliament,
Then oh, * *Euſebia*, you, with Juſtice, fear, *The Church.*
Religion will not now be ſetl'd here:
If the whole Reformation you include
Of differing Sects, that Endleſs Multitude,
What's this, but that Diſpenſing Power in you,
Which *Cæſar's* Great Prerogative muſt not do?
All of the Chriſtian Faith you cannot mean,
Leſt Popery, for her Share, come in:
Is it Religion Lawful Right to oppoſe? *Oath of Allegiance, &c.*
Or Violate our Sacred Oaths?
Is it Religion to Unſheath the Sword
Againſt the Anointed of the Lord?
Alaſs! how vain is then the Sacred Word?
Why then was *David* Smitten in his Heart,
For Robbing *Saul* but only of his Skirt; 1 Sam. *c.* 24.
With the ſame Stroke he might have Empire gain'd; *v.* 4, 5.
But God forbid, (the Royal Youth reply'd)
Againſt the King I ſhould direct my Hand,
Or ſee it in the Blood of Monarchs dy'd:
If thoſe a Curſe upon themſelves muſt bring, Eccl. 10. 20.
Who, but in Heart, think Evil of the King;
If of Kings Safeties Heaven has took ſuch Care,
That even the wing'd Inhabitants of the Air,
Shall every Secret Rebel Thought declare.
Then, Wretched *Britain*! What muſt be thy Fate?
And where is this Religion, which has made
So great a Noiſe in this Divided State,
And has ſo Juſt, ſo Good a King Betray'd?
The Outlaw'd Villains blot his Sacred Name,
He was, He is, this King of an Immortal Fame.
Then ſince, oh *Muſe* forlorn! thy Prince is gone,
For whom thou tun'dſt thy Nobleſt Song,

In

In this dark Shade ne'er with *Apollo* bleſt,
This Covert ſuting with a Soul diſtreſt,
With Sighing Winds, and Murmuring Rivers mourn,
Till *James*, thy God-like Maſter, back return.

Britains *ADDRESS to the Prince of* Orange.

TO you, Great Prince, Three proſt'rate Nations come
To Eaſe their Fears, and to Expect their Doom;
Oh! *Hero*, more than half Divine!
Whoſe Glories, and repleniſh'd Virtues firſt
Made me my Willing Shores reſign
Up to your Conquering Hands in Truſt.
Not *Cæſar*'s Promiſe, nor the Word of God
Cou'd calm the Trembling Fevers in my Blood;
'Twas Yours, Great Sir, on whom I did depend,
My Laws, and Juſt Religion to Defend;
'Twas that, that did Aſſiſt your Glory's Riſe,
'Twas that, that made you *Britain's* Nobleſt Choice,
And gave you all the Applauſes of my People's Voice:
Then, (as your Gracious Declarations ſpeak)
My *King and People Once more Happy make.*
My People whom no more Words or Oaths can bind,
Yet ſtrictly will exact this *Truth* from you,
As their Own Right, their Property and Due;
But to that Juſtice will not be confin'd.
The Mighty Work's but half yet done,
Your Glories cannot be compleat,
Till by a Juſtice more Illuſtrious yet,
You bring Great *Cæſar* to his Rightful Throne.
Brave Offspring of the Royal Martyr's Blood,
By Nature Pious, Merciful and Good,
Maintain this Empire in its Lawful Line;
This Empire, which Succeeding Time,
By Right of Birth Heaven may to you reſign.
Content you with the Glories you have won,
Such as no *Hero* yet did e're Renown;
Nor let your Nobler Quiet be undone
With the too Reſtleſs Burthen of a Crown.
The Princeſs of Orange. Nor You, Illuſtrious *Mary*, can Receive
What Heaven Denys, and Juſtice cannot Give:
Your Virtues are too Eminently Great,
To Rob a Father's Head to Adorn Your Own;
And that Bright Angels Face, with every Charm repleat,
Needs not th'Addition of a *Lawleſs* Crown:
Leave it to Heaven! ſince You've too lately ſeen
The Faith Falſe *Britain* paid an Injur'd Queen.

F I N I S.

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